

THE COAST BEACON.

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NO. 9.

County Directory.

F. S. Hewes, Clerk of Courts; Florian Seal Sheriff; C. M. Liddle, Treasurer; J. L. Ladd, Superintendent of Education; W. E. Champlin, Assessor; Uriel Wright, Surveyor.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

P. H. McCabe, 1st district, T. J. Stewart, 2d district; J. Scarborough, 3rd district; R. W. Hatten, 4th district; A. J. Bond, President 5th district.

UNITED STATES COURT.

Third Monday in February and third Monday in August, R. A. Hill, Judge; D. C. Lea, District Attorney; Fred W. Collins, Marshal.

Pass Christian Business Directory.

ESTATE OF C. COURTENAY.
General merchandise.

JULE ROUX,
Painter, Pass Christian, Miss.

P. CURTIS.
Fancy groceries, wines and liquors.

MISS CARRIE KNOTT.
Milliner, dry goods, notions etc.

J. A. MCCOLLISTER.
Choice beef, mutton, veal, pork, etc.

G. EUMONT,
Baker. Fresh bread delivered daily.

A. K. NORTHROP.
Groceries, dry goods, oak and pine wood.

R. MCINTOSH.
Choice wines, liquors, tobacco and cigars.

DENIS AMIEL.
Horse shoe carriage builder and repairer.

N. AND M. STRAUB.
Bakers, confectioners, fruits, candies etc.

C. M. RHODES.
Fancy and staple groceries, wood and coal.

MRS. W. F. McDONALD.
Fashionable Dress Maker. A perfect fit guaranteed.

J. ED. HANSON.
Manufacturing and dispensing pharmacist.

CHAS. KOHLER.
General merchandise, wood, coal, moss, etc.

BRANDT AND DEMPE.
General merchants, best goods at lowest prices.

F. BIELENBERG.
Painting, calomining and turniture repairing.

N. AND J. N. BUTCHERT.
Dealers in groceries, vegetables and feed stuffs.

JOSEPH RAY.
Livery stable, Carriages to hire. Express hauled.

PAUL E. SCHULTZ.
Cheap fruit, vegetables, oysters and canned goods.

C. L. CHAPOTEL.
Plumber, tinmith and stove repairer. Stoves for sale.

ELLIOT HENDERSON.
Attorney at Law, prompt attention to collection of claims.

BOHN AND SONS.
Boots, shoes, clothing hats, and gents furnishing goods.

L. H. CHAMPLIN.
Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent.

DR. L. J. LEGER.
Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite Mexican Gulf Hotel.

DR. W. F. SPENCE.
Practicing physician. Office next door to Thornton Bros.

THORNTON BROS.
Newsdealer and druggist. prescriptions carefully compounded.

MARTIAL DEDEAUX.
Livery stable, horses and carriages to hire. Tally Ho teams reasonable.

MILTON J. MILLER.
Carriages to hire, Baggage hauled with promptness and satisfaction.

MRS. M. T. FARRELL.
Dealer in confectionery, home made candy, fruits, ice cream and soda water.

MRS. N. COURTENAY.
Carriages to hire, freight and baggage hauled, general merchandise.

V. SCHMIDT.
Groceries, fruits and vegetables always fresh and as cheap as possible.

JOHN H. LANG.
Real Estate Agent, Undertaker and Livery. Dealer in coal and shingles.

PHILIP BROWN.
Dealer in crabs, etc., yaws, skiffs and fishing tackle to hire. Fishing and rowing parties accommodated. Opposite Crescent Hotel.

ALL ABOUT FANNY.

Col. Bradfield Powell was a Texas gentleman of the old school. He was a widower, and lived on his farm near Dallas, Texas. His farm was a large one, and his horses were of the best breed. They were much sought after and commanded high prices. His family consisted of an only daughter, Fanny Powell, who was a most beautiful young lady.

Col. Powell loved his daughter, but the bent of his mind was on horses.

Frank Kimberly was not only an amiable young man, but was also well off. He had been introduced to Col. Powell, but with Miss Powell he was much more intimate. He had made her acquaintance at a ball, since which time Frank Kimberly had been in the habit of paying visits to the Powell farm, particularly at such times as he knew the colonel was away.

One day Kimberly was leaning over the gate conversing with the object of his affections, when he perceived Col. Powell riding slowly towards them.

"What will the colonel say when he sees me on his premises?" exclaimed Kimberly, very anxiously, for the colonel was a very irascible man.

"Be a man," said Fanny. "Come out boldly, and tell him you come to ask him for the hand of his daughter," said she disappeared into the house.

Col. Powell rode up to the gate. He saluted Mr. Kimberly rather stiffly.

"Good morning, Colonel. I had the pleasure of being introduced to you at the fair, last fall. I was in the judge's stand when your horse won the race," said Kimberly, rather anxiously.

"Yes, I remember you now, Mr. Kimberly. What is the occasion of your visit?" said Col. Powell.

Mr. Kimberly is a very modest young man. He stammered something about Fanny. Col. Powell brightened up; he even looked pleased.

"So that's what you have been sneaking around here for, is it? I suspected as much. Fanny is a daisy. Come in the house, and we will talk it over."

Kimberly was surprised and gratified. He expected to meet with considerable opposition on the part of the old gentleman, and this gentleness was a pleasant surprise. In fact, Kimberly was even bothered with dismal forebodings of actual violence previous to this outburst of suavity.

As soon as they were seated in the parlor Col. Powell opened the conversation with the rather startling remark:

"Fanny is a good feeder. It's a pleasure to see her eat. She has got the digestive organs of an anaconda."

"That's a rather strong expression," said Kimberly, hesitatingly.

"Yes, but it's true. And you ought to see her step off. She works her shoulders a good deal when she walks, but she has a splendid neck. I tell you candidly she is a little frisky, but if she takes to cutting up just lay the whip to her. That will bring her to her senses. She will never try to run away from that. She tried once to run away from me, but I cured her," said the colonel, cutting the air with his whip.

"Great Scott! Col. Powell, you don't resort to actual violence with that angelic creature?"

"Angelic creature?"

"Yes, Col. Powell, Fanny is my ideal. I could never think of resorting to violence. I would speak to her kindly."

"You can do as you please when she once is yours. She comes of a good stock. Her mother was a first-class pedigree. She was about as fast as they get to be."

"Poor Kimberly was inexpressibly shocked. He was surprised that the colonel should be so outspoken in regard to his family affairs."

"I've taken a great deal of trouble raising her, but if you want her, just so."

"O, colonel, I will be under obligations to you for life. I shall never forget your kindness," exclaimed Kimberly, much moved.

"None of that, young man. This

is a spot cash transaction. I understand you are a man of means and if you want Fanny you will have to pay for her. My price is five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars?"

"Yes, five hundred dollars! I never trade. I want you to examine her carefully and satisfy yourself that she hasn't a blemish on her whole body. I'll make her jump a fence just to show you her agility."

Mr. Kimberly was a modest young man. He blushed, and covered his face with his hat.

"If the price is too high to suit just say so, and it's no sale," said the colonel.

"No price is too high for Fanny. She is worth all the gems of the Orient, but why speak of your daughter as if she were to be disposed of like a mere animal?"

"Daughter!" exclaimed the colonel. "Holy St. Martingale, are you talking about my daughter Fanny?"

"Why, of course I was talking about Fanny, colonel," exclaimed Kimberly.

"And I am talking about my brown mare, Fan, that took the prize at the fair last year. Why don't you talk plain? I've seen you looking over the fence, and looking into my stable yard, and I thought you had your eye on Fan. Well, this takes my breath away. However, I hear you are a very proper sort of a young man, and I've no objection if Fanny is willing. All this talk about fathers' objections to their daughters' marrying is all bosh, as a general thing. I'll give you a check to start housekeeping. By the way," added the colonel, as the happy Kimberly took his leave: "If you hear of anybody who wants to pay five hundred dollars for that brown mare, just send him to me, and if he means business I'll give him a trade in short order. I'll send her in to talk the matter over with you. You'll like her, I know you will, when you come to know her better," said the old gentleman, as he hobbled out of the room.

ALEX E. SWEET.

A Ghastly Joke.

The Russellville, Ky. Union prints the following:

A Federal veteran, minus both legs, both arms and both ears, was seated in a wheeling chair on a street corner soliciting alms, when a Confederate veteran came along on crutches with one leg gone.

The southerner stopped, pulled out a five dollar bill and handed it to the Federal.

The latter looked his benefactor over carefully and then offered it back, saying: "Take back your money. You are a cripple yourself. I get a pension, and the people are so kind to me, and I do not need the money as much as you probably do."

"That's all right," said the do-nothing; you keep the bill. I insist on it."

"Will you tell me what prompts you to give such a large amount?"

"Yes, to be honest with you, you are the first yankee I ever saw trimmed up exact to suit my taste."

The Burden is Here.

President Harrison congratulated his bearers on Memorial Day that "we do not burden our people to maintain standing armies."

No—but we do burden them with taxes for pensions which exceed the cost of the largest standing army in Europe.

Our list of pensioners exceeds by over \$25,000 the great standing army of 500,000 in Germany.

We support wholly or partially from the Treasury one in twelve of the entire voting population North and South.

We added to the pension list ten months of last year—twelve years after the close of the war—255,448 names, which is 70,000 more than the total Union loss in killed, wounded and missing in the twelve great battles of the war.

The cost of pensions alone is now more than double the entire expense of the Government in the year before the war, Peace in the United States is more expensive than the front of war abroad.—N. Y. World.

Some Queer Old Laws.

"Uncle Joe" Brown, of the county clerk's office, is one of the queerest men in the court house and also one of the best informed. Whenever any question of an especially puzzling nature comes up for settlement and no one else can answer it the seekers for information go back to the room where "Uncle Joe" works, and he explains to their satisfaction. This sort of procedure is a matter of daily occurrence, and the old gentleman's encyclopedical knowledge is proverbial.

The other day, after a delegation of information seekers had learned what they were in search of, they hung around "Uncle Joe's" desk to hear some of his reminiscences which their questions called up fresh to his memory.

"It is strange how the old laws cling to the statute books," he said meditatively. "In the eastern states many of the strict colonial laws stand un repealed on the books. Of course, where they conflict with the more advanced ideas of today, they have become dead letters. I was the victim of an attempt to revive one of the old statutes myself when I lived in Washington city a good many years ago. I was the manager of the Washington Gas works, and some religious enthusiasts brought a prosecution against me for violating the Sabbath by operating the works on Sunday. I knew that unless the works ran on Sunday there would be no gas on Monday night and on the ground of public necessity felt sure I would be sustained in the suit."

"To my surprise I found the law not only exactly against me, but learned that it was supplemented with severe penalties. For the first offense the penalty was a heavy fine, and for such a succeeding offense a term of imprisonment. I finally had to settle the case out of court by the payment of a considerable sum of money and the granting of some concessions. That law still stands on the books, but I have heard of no attempt to enforce it since my unhappy experience."

"Tobacco is legal tender in Washington at the present time thanks to another of the old colonial laws. In the days when Virginia had plenty of tobacco and very little money, a law was passed which made the weed a tender for debt. If I were in Washington today and had a debt to pay, I could trundle a load of tobacco down to my creditor's place of business and pay the debt, and he would have no right to refuse the offer. It would be a surprise to the members of congress some fine day if they should find their salaries paid in 'long green.' When this law was made, what is now the District of Columbia was part of Virginia, and when it was ceded to the general government it retained the old statutes."—Indianapolis News.

A good-looking, well-to-do and popular young bachelor of Silverton was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club whom on a secret vote you elect to be my wife."

There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner and used great caution in preparing her ballot and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up and the girls are all mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.—Washington Herald.

The largest orange tree in the country, it is said, is on the property of J. T. Hancock, Sr., two miles west of Fort Meade, Fla. It measures twenty-four inches in diameter two feet above the ground. Six years ago it bore 7,000 oranges, but it was a vigorous tree forty years ago, when Mr. Hancock took the property.

It is announced that the Virginia exposition board intends to reproduce at the world's fair, Mount Vernon, the famous home and last resting place of George Washington. If this is done a large and interesting collection of Washington relics will be exhibited in the structure.

Value of One Vote.

There are many curious instances in the political history of the country where the value of one vote has been shown. Marcus Morton was elected governor of Massachusetts by one vote in 1830, and D. B. Hill was elected United States Senator by two votes in the legislature of 1891. In 1886 there was a tie vote in the third district of Passaic county, New Jersey, between the Republican and Democratic candidates. A re-count of the votes elected the Democratic nominee by one majority, and gave the party just that majority on joint ballot in the legislature. This carried it with the election of a Democratic senator, Rufus Blodgett, in the place of W. S. Swell, republican.

It is news to most of the readers of the daily press that one vote was responsible for the Mexican war and the war of 1812. Just before the Mexican war, in 1844, Hugh C. Flannegan was elected representative in St. Joseph county, Indiana, by one majority. He went to the legislature and his vote elected a United States senator by one majority. This United States senator's one vote brought on the Mexican war.

In the spring of 1811 at the annual election in Rhode Island, in one of the towns or precincts the voting between the Federal and Republican or Democratic, peace or war, parties had been very close, not more than a majority of one or two votes. The polls closed at 6 o'clock, and a federal farmer living a mile or so distant from the voting place, having been busy all day, allowed himself just barely time to reach the polls in the evening. He hurriedly crossed his field on foot and reaching last, or division fence, found one of his valuable pigs fast between the planks and stopped to get it out, then started on a run for the voting place. Just as within a short distance of it the town clock struck six and the polls closed with-out his vote.

The result was that a Democratic or war representative of that town was elected by one vote. When the general assembly met a few weeks afterward a Democratic senator was chosen on joint ballot by one majority. In 1812 the declaration of war of England was carried in the United States senate by one vote. General Jackson was nominated as a major-general and confirmed by one vote. On January 8th, 1815, he commanded the battle at New Orleans, gained a victory became a popular military hero and as a reward was elected and re-elected president of the United States turned all the Whigs out of office, removed the deposits, vetoed the national bank bill, and all because that pig, away up in Rhode Island, got fast in the plank fence.—The Tradesman.

A Farmer's Cure For Flirting.

There is an old farmer out in Jersey who has as great a detestation of flirting as was ever cherished by the Mikado himself, and it was a great shock to him one evening at church when he caught his 14 year old daughter exchanging glances and smiles with a neighbor's son a couple of years older. The old gentleman mused over the problem all the way home, and finally hit upon an expedient which he only waited the opportunity to put into practice.

This was not long in coming. As he turned a corner of the road the next day he caught a glimpse of the young couple on the road ahead of him, walking along, hand in hand, and even as he paused, speechless, he saw them exchange a kiss. That settled it.

With a few strides he had overtaken the culprits and was marching them off to his barn, which stood in a prominent position close by the high road. A shout brought out the hired man, and in a twinkling the old granger had slipped an ox-bow over his victim's heads. Then he seated them on the door-step and kept them there for one mortal hour, calling the attention of all passers-by to "my two calves I'm a breakin' in."

At the end of the time he released the prisoners, who made all haste to put as much distance between one another as possible.

And now they don't even speak when they pass by.—New York Recorder.

"Dis do Settle It."

Chicago, June 19.—Rev. Geo. Washington Gaines, pastor of the Bethel African Methodist church proposes to emancipate the colored race from slavery by forming an independent party and nominating a negro for president. The object he says is not to elect a colored president, but to cripple the Republican party so that Harrison cannot be elected and to teach the g. o. p. when it makes promises it should keep them. Rev. Mr. Gaines is having circulars printed and there will be issued in a day or two a call for a national convention some time next month.

A reporter for a National Associated Press found Mr. Gaines in his study to-night and had a talk with him, while the congregation sang non-national hymns to fill up the time.

"This plan of mine," said he, "is a move to form an independent party and nominate a colored man for president, vote for him and show that we are working for a principle and not a party. We are opposed to the Republican party, because in the platform it adopted at Minneapolis appears only three lines and three words on Southern outrages; because it has three lines on temperance, and is deceitful on that question. It evades the issue. It also has just five lines on pensions to old soldiers. The usual catch-terms on a free ballot and a fair count are found. Our objection to the Republican nominee is that he has seemed to be absolutely indifferent to the wholesale murder of colored people in certain States. He has expressed his inability to protect them although he was elected by the votes of colored men. He has ignored the entire colored race, 9,000,000 of them, in his appointment of commissioners to the World's Fair. Our independent Republican clubs will issue a call for a national convention and nominate a ticket. We want to mass our votes so that we can exact pledges from the party that gains them instead of having no voice as in the past. We will fight for principles."

Gambling With Oysters.

The oyster is becoming demoralized. It was enough to be expensive. He has lent himself to gambling and bad habits and becomes the cause of expense in others. The oyster game began in Ostend, it is said, where a party of gamblers having sat down to dinner, some fresh oysters were brought in. Immediately one backed his oyster to gape first. The idea was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. A set of impromptu rules was drawn up, each one of the dozen guests selected his oyster and the contest began. The first oyster to yawn was to get the entire stakes. Half an hour passed and not one of the oysters showed the slightest disposition to open. Down below stairs the cook was swearing volubly and giving up his roasts and entrees for worse than lost. But the oysters were not in any hurry and the diners were so engrossed with their bivalves that they had entirely forgotten their appetites.

An hour slipped by, and still the oysters gave no sign of gaping. The stakes were doubled just to heighten the excitement. Word of the contest had reached the Casino, and when the second hour of the contest was begun the dining table was surrounded by a crowd of lookers-on, who caught the gamblers' enthusiasm. They picked out their favorite oysters, and in one or more cases actually backed them to the extent of \$200. Another half hour, and the oysters as undemonstrative as ever. The excitement became intense. At last, just as the third hour was completed, one of the oysters gaped feebly several times and then fell wide open on its owner's plate. This poor oyster had something of a thirst on and couldn't stand the close atmosphere of its shell any longer. When the lucky owner of this oyster came to count his winnings he found that they amounted to \$7000. Oyster matches became instantly the rage at Ostend, and since then they have become equally popular in Paris.—San Francisco News Letter.

The Joke Was Loaded.

Charles A. Fisk, the electrician, was at Rio Vista the other day and had an experience that dazed his nerve temporarily. A young man of that place was under the influence of strong drink and was talking when Fisk approached and the following occurred:

"Tut, tut, young man, enough of this!" exclaimed Fisk.

"Hie, eh!" squeaked out the young man.

"What's that?" replied Fisk. "Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

"Hie—I guess—hie—not. Who are—hi—you?"

"I am a United States marshal," pompously replied the telephone contractor.

The young man immediately ceased his loud talking and took a cold drink in utter silence. He begged a thousand pardons of the contractor and upon a solemn promise to sober up, Mr. Fisk agreed to not place him under arrest.

It was nearly the hour of 1:30 a. m., when Fisk sought his room and retired. He was just dozing off to sleep when several loud raps at the door brought him to his feet. He opened the door and was confronted by this same tall, slender young man, accompanied with a big man with long whiskers. The latter gruffly remarked:

"Sir, I place you under arrest."

"The devil you do!" exclaimed Fisk, falling back on the bed. "On what grounds?"

"For impersonating a United States officer," returned the big constable with long whiskers.

And use all the wits at his command, Fisk could not talk himself out of an arrest, and he was obliged to dress himself and consume two hours, between 2 and 4 o'clock in the morning, in proving his identity before he was permitted to return to his room in peace and comfort.—Sacramento News.

A Candidate's Greeting.

Senator Gray of Delaware, possesses among his other talents an admirable faculty of telling a good story, says a Chicago paper. One of the best of these is a politician in his State who prided himself on acquaintance with the people of his district. Meeting a young man whom he remembered as a recently fledged voter, he grasped his hand and greeted him effusively. "Why John," he said, "I'm mighty glad to see you. The last time I met you, you were hardly more than a boy, and now you're a man. Well how is your father?"

"Father's been dead for a year now," said the young man.

"What! dead! Your father? I'm so sorry. Your father and I were old friends. I thought very highly of your father. Well it's what we must all come to some day. I'm glad to have seen you again, John. Good-by."

They parted. An hour later they met again. The politician had forgotten all about the first meeting he had shaken hands with a hundred people in the meantime. He greeted his young constituent with the same effusiveness: "Why John, I'm glad to see you," he said. "And how's your father?"

"He's still dead," said the young man.

A story concerning the direct cause or Mr. Blaine's resignation as secretary of state is to the effect that he took umbrage at being corrected in his statements to the Canadian conferees by Mr. John W. Foster, who declared that Mr. Blaine's expressed views would hardly have the president's approval, and then made the president's ideas known. Mr. Blaine at once adjourned the conference and his resignation followed within the hour.

The supreme court of Indiana has decided that it is the duty of a person approaching a railroad crossing to both look and listen for trains, and the failure of the company to give the signals required by law will not excuse the failure of the person who may be injured by passing trains in not taking this precaution of avoiding danger.